

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM  
OMNIA COOPERANTUR  
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD  
ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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## CHINESE VIRGINS OF PURGATORY.

This photograph has been sent to Maryknoll by Fr. Galvin, formerly of Brooklyn, now laboring as a missionary in China.

(See page 6.)

## THE FIELD AFAR

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*This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y., by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

**"Purchased people, declare His virtues, alleluia; who hath called you out of darkness into His admirable light, alleluia."—I. Peter ii.**

\* \*

WITH a deep sense of gratitude we acknowledge to the Editor of the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* (England) his thoughtful kindness in calling our young Seminary to the prayerful attention of his readers.

\* \*

68,255 feet of our land slipped away (from indebtedness) in January and 65,942 more in February. This means that up to March 804,197 feet were disposed of to our friends,—in other words, are safe in our keeping.

\* \*

OUR readers will note with interest a passage which we quote from the letter addressed by Bishop Schinner of Superior, Wisconsin, to his flock. The Bish-

op explains in this edifying letter the reasons which have induced him to resign his office, and incidentally gives a striking tribute to the cause of foreign missions.

I submitted to the Holy Father my wishes in the following order of preference.

1. To be permitted to resign and to labor as a missionary without episcopal jurisdiction in the foreign missions. 2. If this was not acceptable, to be allowed to resign unconditionally and then myself choose a field of labor, in which case I should probably enter a religious community that has foreign missions. 3. If this also did not meet with approval, I put myself at the disposition of the Holy See to do with me as was deemed most advisable, only I begged the Holy Father to be convinced that I could no longer remain in Superior. The Holy See has now acceded to my wishes, at least in so far that my resignation has been accepted.

\* \*

EXCELLENT indeed is the report made by Monsignor Dunn, Director for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of New York.

The money returns for 1912 netted \$151,967.54, leaving New York easily in the lead of all the dioceses in the world.

This, as we understand it, is the amount credited to New York on the books of the S. P. F. in France. But it does not include all that passed from or through New York to the missions.

Collections given in response to appeals made by visiting missionaries are not listed, yet they must have run into a fairly large sum. And for ourselves,—we can trace to Mgr. Dunn's instrumentality more than six thousand dollars, in addition to which we received last year directly from His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, five thousand dollars for a bursar.

A light to the revelation of the Gentiles is Catholic New York.

Through the New York Diocesan Office for the Propagation of the Faith we have received these inquiries:

1. *How much a year does it cost to educate a student in the Foreign Mission Seminary?*

2. *What is the length of the course?*

3. *Is it possible for the benefactor to keep in occasional touch with the student during his course?*

We have answered as follows:

1. We shall be satisfied to receive \$250.00 a year. This is the lowest possible estimate, and will probably not cover the full expense for board, tuition, etc., which will be nearer \$300.

We base the former estimate on the amount we ask for a Bursar, \$5000, the annual income of which will enable us to support constantly one student.

2. The course is six years, two of Philosophy and four of Theology.

3. Our students have very little time for letter writing, but we shall be pleased to have them correspond occasionally with their benefactors,—and ours.

\* \*

AN English-speaking priest in India, Fr. Constant, sends us a strong plea for American missionaries in this promising field:

With British rule in India, come European ideals, and here, as in Europe, America is known as the nation of liberty and progress. But unfortunately the opinion prevails that everything American is Protestant. This is due to the extensive mission work carried on by Protestant denominations, which have in every town high schools, hospitals and other institutions. Their ministers have had free scope for a number of years and with the large means always at their disposal, they have made thousands of converts. They have, moreover, imbued the natives with the most bigoted spirit against the 'Papist idolatry,' using all the familiar, worn-out slanders and exploded allegations against the Church.

Now, however, the true light is dawning and driving back into darkness the dragon of heretical error. Though means are scarce and workers few, Catholic missions are gradually coming to the front. We have only a few centres yet, but a general movement has set in among Protestant converts, who have of themselves come to realize the contradictions of Protestant belief and the absence of true charity in its missionaries.

If American Catholics only knew what it means to be forced to *refuse* to these people priests and catechists, they would surely awake to the responsibility and the opportunity that is theirs.

## The Spirit of St. Patrick.

BY ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

*"Come, sons of our Sireland,  
And daughters of Ireland,  
Awake to the Sunburst our flag now  
adorning!  
Give praise to our Patron who rescued  
our Nation  
St. Patrick's Day in the morning!"*

**I** CHALLENGE any gathering of Irish people to join in that chorus and remain cold and unresponsive to a call made to them in the name of Ireland and its Patron Saint—especially the foreign mission call!

"Give praise to our Patron who rescued our Nation"—and rescued it, thank God, by becoming a foreign missionary! How little we of the Gael, who claim him as 'our own,' realize this! Yet St. Patrick, first, last, and all the time, was a foreign missionary. And so completely did he cut himself off from all human ties that the world is still in doubt as to his birthplace.

The conversion of an entire nation was his reward! Surely it is well for us to bestir our souls by considering the results of the sacrificial life of this man of God, for not only did St. Patrick set a nation ablaze with the light of Faith, but he also kindled within it a fire of charity that has encircled the world.

The countless priests and monks of that favored land did not sit back and fold their hands in calm content and placid enjoyment of their new-found treasure. We can rather see them rushing forth over the continent; we can even feel the ardent impulse that possessed them in their eagerness to outpour lavishly that which they themselves had so abundantly received.

In the centuries that followed, when Ireland's long, dark martyrdom bent her in torture to the earth, that all-consuming love of the Faith flamed still—not outward indeed—but upward, upward always, to the Throne of the Almighty. God! what love of

Faith that was! a love that made her give up her children, her priests, her altars and her homes!

Again we behold a host of Ireland's children going forth from that land of suffering, not indeed in joy and desire, but in the darkness and misery of exile. Thanks be to God for those heroic ones—foreign missionaries all—who bore

they yet illumined it with the light of that Faith.

And we, whose fathers and mothers did this great thing, shall we fold our hands serenely and decide that because so much of our work has been done for us, we have no work of our own to do? Oh! it is not a question of what there is yet undone—even crying to be done—on our own little spot of earth! It is a question of opening or closing our hearts to the pitiful call of those who sit in darkness and reach out appealing hands to us.

Not long ago there was in THE FIELD AFAR an expression that seemed inspired—"God loves the world-wide heart." The world-wide heart! There is the key to the foreign mission problem! God is the Master of material things. He may not have given us a penny to contribute towards the support of His work, or perhaps only enough for our near and immediate needs. But He has given every one of us a heart big enough to include the whole world and more, since He has made every heart big enough to contain Himself!

The world-wide heart—the heart that is broad enough and deep enough to love all, to pray for all, to yearn for all in Christ, and to help all as far as God in His bounty permits—this is the heart of one who loves his holy Faith as his most precious treasure.

And we,—children of the prayers of St. Patrick, children of his chosen people, children of martyrs, children of a Motherland that gave her heart's blood that we might be true to St. Patrick's gift, children of a nation of apostolic spirit,—shall we not rise up and stretch out our hands to those whose hands are stretched out to us?

For—appalling thought—Christ will not give to His poor pagan children the light of Faith without the co-operation of those who already have it. Can we choose to refuse ours? Shall we dare to refuse it?



*May the saintly Apostle of Ireland  
help us to arouse the missionary spirit  
in this land of many nations!*

in their hearts the love of the Faith to the country of the hostile stranger! They blazed the rough way for us, their children; with their sweat and toil and hard-earned money they built the churches we now enjoy; and while not the pioneers of the Faith in this broad land of ours,

### Tributes from Near and Far.

My little boy likes to read *THE FIELD AFAR*. I am praying that he may one day be at Maryknoll.

I wish I could do more for dear Maryknoll, but where there is not much money, there can be many prayers.

With loving gratitude for the blessings that God has given me, I send the first dollar that I received as an increase of pay.

To-day I pray the Guardian Angel of your Seminary to guide this young Tobias in his difficult journey and make him prosperous, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

J. TRIDEAU, Cuddalore, India.

You seem to have already realized much progress in a very short time, and I hope that 1913 will be still more favorable to you and to your work than its predecessor. At any rate you have my best wishes and my prayers.

F. A. FAISANDIER,  
Bp. of Trichinopoly, India.

The purpose of this present writing is to express my sincerest good wishes for you and your work, and to send in my subscription. So far we have been practically without papers or magazines, except our own publications; but we could do no longer without the missionary publications, especially your beautiful little messenger from 'the field afar.' I enclose fifty cents, for which please send the magazine to the

Sacred Heart Mission House,  
Girard, Pa.

"For years I have felt a certain dissatisfaction with the English nation for not sending Catholic missionaries to China. English Protestants are here in such abundance that the Chinese think that Catholics are found only in France, while the strongest nations,—Germany, England and America,—are wholly Protestant. You can imagine, then, with what interest I am following the plans for the new Seminary. I pray and make our Christians pray for the success of this enterprise. God bless the holy work! May it grow and flourish for His greater glory!

FR. FREDERIC SAGEDER, C.M.,  
Hokowki, China.

I rejoice that the glorious plan of founding an American Seminary for Foreign Missions has been realized, and that you will some day have the happiness of sending apostolic workers to the

field afar. India will welcome them. Only a few months ago one of our missionaries set out from France, hoping to recruit teachers of English for our college at Bangalore.

FR. T. E. BONNETRAINE,  
Wellington, India.

FR. AELEN of Nellore, in India, sent us a statue of St. Anthony some time ago. It is about a foot high and would hardly appeal to a man with good eyes, but it has its place in our museum, and evidently we have relieved our missionary friend of one burden. He now writes, "If you get any extra statues given to you, remember us. We need a decent one." He adds:

Allow me to congratulate you because you now have a roof over your heads and the college has started. You are doing better than my uncle, our present Archbishop, did in former years. I remember when I was a boy that he started the missionary college at Rosendaal in Holland, the preparatory school for Mill Hill. He began with a single student. So you beat His Grace by far with your six students. I hope and pray that all of them will become fervent missionaries. May they be followed by many others and may your college help us in after years to bring the East to our faith!

I would be glad if I could help you by buying a foot of ground. One cent a foot! That does not look so bad. I thought that American ground was more expensive. Why! I paid more for the ground of two chapels that I built in Pariah villages! But I must add that these villages were situated in the most fertile rice-fields, where the ground is always very expensive.

At Christmas I hope to baptize another batch of 30 persons. That will give a total for this year of about 170 converts. I now have also some out-villages where I think to baptize next year. Thanks to God, our labor is not without success. I promise to remember your work in my daily prayers and I will also say a Mass for it during the current year. At present I am recommending your future college to St. Joseph in order that he may help you in your lawsuit about that ground. I was sorry to hear of it when I read *THE FIELD AFAR*.

I gave the enclosed slip to the Sisters. I have already written you what they promised, but now they have sent it on the card. Each Sister of the seven has promised these prayers.

Yours sincerely in Xo.,  
J. AELEN, Jr.

THE Very Rev. Superior of St. Joseph's Mission House, at Rosendaal, in Holland, writes a letter from which we are tempted to quote. We yield. He says:

I read each copy from cover to cover. Your magazine is a valuable object-lesson to me, showing how missionary news should be made interesting and popular.

There's another feature about your work, which has made a deep impression on me. Practically all missionary magazines confine their efforts to their own particular Society. Their aim is to make known the work of their own Society, and carefully avoid all reference to the work done by other congregations. You have adopted a new, and more Catholic attitude. Whilst doing your utmost to get means and men for your young Society, you are ever ready to assist the missionaries working in "the field afar," no matter to what Society or nationality they happen to belong. May our Divine Lord amply reward your broad-minded generosity! I shall daily remember you and your work at the altar, and in return earnestly recommend this house to your prayers.

With every good wish and kindest regards to yourself and Fr. McCabe, I remain,

Yours very sincerely in Xt.,  
A. v. d. DEYSSEL.

The help we send to our brethren on the field is pitifully small,—copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* to a few hundred, an occasional gift, and some Mass-intentions when we have them to give.

But our will is to do more, and we may yet be in a position to follow it. From the start our motto, as recorded on the front page of this paper, has been,—

"OMNIA CO-OPERANTUR"—

To those who love God all things work together for good.

May we keep to it unto the end!

What right have we to ask a bishop to look beyond his diocese, or a priest to see anything outside of his parochial responsibilities and think with sympathy of our need, if we are going to bound our own horizon by the stone-walls and broken fences of Maryknoll?



# A Pilgrim's Progress or

## Traveling in Africa.

By Fr. P. Rogan, Mill Hill Missioner in Uganda.

[Fr. Rogan, the young priest who has prepared this article for us, is, we understand, one of three brothers, all members of St. Joseph's (Mill Hill) Missionary Society.]

PERHAPS, in these days of aeroplanes, motor-cars and other means of rapid transit from this world into the next, it would not be out of place to give your readers some idea of how a missionary travels in at least one part of "the field afar," namely, in Africa. I have been in Africa only a couple of years, but during that time I have often asked myself the question, "*Did the children of Israel have porters to carry their baggage during their passage through the Red Sea?*" If they did, they have my sympathy.

My first experience with African porters was by no means a pleasant one, and I sincerely hope the reputation of the followers of this profession in no way depends upon the twenty-five votaries who volunteered their services in my particular case.

I had been staying at *Kisumu*, awaiting the arrival from Uganda of a Superior for the new mission of *Mumias*. In due time he arrived, and we fixed a day for our journey to the new mission station. Now, *Mumias* is only forty-two miles from *Kisumu*,—as the crow flies; but I have since come to the conclusion that it is exactly one hundred as the porter walks.

After a necessary delay of two days, our boxes were neatly arranged and our next move was to engage porters to carry them. About fifty applicants answered our summons, from whom we selected twenty-five of the best developed. We were then told that at least two head-men would be required to see that the porters fulfilled their part of the contract; but we were *not* told that somebody else would be neces-

sary to see that the head-men fulfilled *theirs*.

Well, we made known to them our destination, and difficulties arose at once. One wanted a good meal before starting, lest, I presume, "he should faint on the way," another had tender feet and had forgotten his sandals, while "what are you going to pay us?" was a question that concerned all.

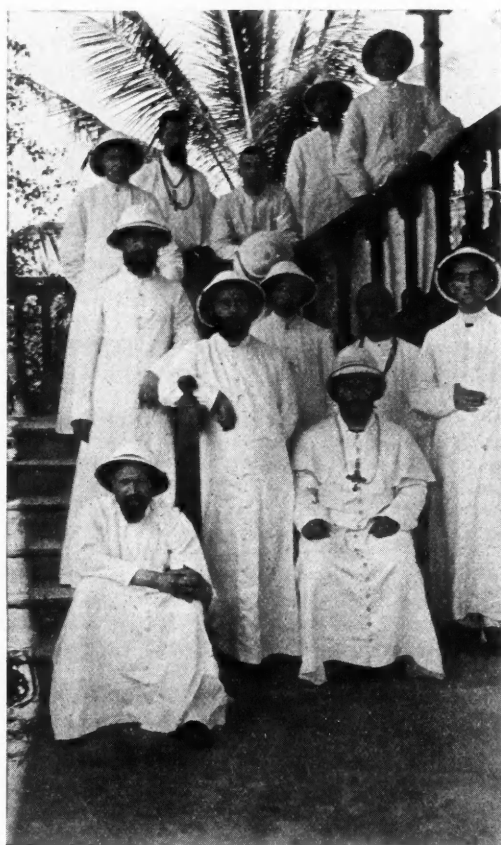
Difficulties, however, can always be overcome. After giving the porters half an hour in which to get tired of talking, we got them into working mood, and off they went, carrying the loads on their heads

(porters seem to use their heads for nothing else).

They had instructions to stop for the night at one of our missions, *Ojola*, only nine miles from *Kisumu*. We ourselves left *Kisumu* later, and arriving at *Ojola*, were greatly relieved to hear that all our porters had reached there safely. Nine miles of the journey, at least, had been accomplished, and that was something to be grateful for. The following morning the roll was called, and as none of the porters had absconded during the night, we were able to start them on the second stage of the journey.

We still had thirty-three miles before us, but as there was a friendly chief about half way we instructed the porters to stop at his encampment and await our arrival. Wonders will never cease! Not a word of dissent escaped the lips of our five and twenty carriers, as they started off in Indian file. So taking this to be a good omen, we banished even the thought of their existence from our minds, for the day, until it was time for us to begin the second stage of the journey ourselves.

We reached the chief's enclosure shortly before sundown, but noticed that he was rather surprised to see us. Had the porters forgotten to tell him that the "white men" themselves would arrive that evening? or was he expecting us at a later hour? With some anxiety we in-



BISHOP BIERMANS OF UGANDA AND HIS LATEST RECRUITS.

(From a photograph taken recently at Mombasa and sent to MARY-KNOLL by the new bishop.)

quired. "Porters," he slowly ejaculated, "none have called here—I have not even seen any pass by." It was our turn now to look surprised. Had these men actually done more in one day than they had been asked to do? We banished the thought at once, for whatever the faults of an African porter, he cannot, in all justice, be accused of over-zeal.

The unexpected had once again happened. A passing native caught our remarks and kindly informed us that our porters had marched to the next chief's, a bit further on. It was six o'clock in the evening when he imparted this news, but we didn't come to the end of "the bit further on" until nine. Everything was quiet at the chief's enclosure when we arrived. The boxes had been neatly piled up and covered, but the heads that had borne them had long since passed into dream-land. We entered one of the surrounding huts, lighted our lantern, and fell to recounting the virtues of porters in general, and of our own in particular.

Dry bread and cheese, taken alternately with water, constituted our combined tea and supper that eventful Sunday evening.

Monday morning saw us ready for the road again. This was to be our last march, and in the cool evening we would arrive at our destination, where leisure and rest would welcome our weary limbs. So at least we thought; but oh, those porters! Instead of "heading" the boxes, they simply sat on them and demanded payment for the distance they had already come. We reminded them of their contract and informed them they would be paid at the end of the journey, but not till then. So persistent were we in our refusals to accede to the request and so successful in our line of argument, that at the end of an hour six had already fled. Another hour was spent in finding six volunteers to fill their places, and at the end of a third

hour "the thin black line" had actually started.

After this little strike among our "troops," we thought it wiser to march immediately behind them. We accordingly led them—from behind, and the expediency of this step was soon brought home to us. We had not gone more than five miles, when down came the boxes again. Dissension had evidently spread, for even the six volunteers now swelled the cry for immediate payment. Experience had taught us that arguing with the porters themselves was mere waste of time, so in our extremity we thought of appealing to the head-men. But, oh! "how are the mighty fallen!" When we turned to look for these all-powerful beings, whose presence and authority were to ensure our safe arrival as well as that of our luggage, we discovered them sitting on an adjacent bank, eating sugar-cane. *They*, at least, understood the nature of the men over whom they had been placed, and as we silently contemplated this open confession of inability to command, we heard those words re-echoing in our ears, "You will require at least two head-men to see that the porters do their work."

There still remained about fifteen miles to be covered, but it would require as many miles of paper to set down the awful adventures of that last stage of the journey. Suffice it to say, that we reached the mission-station two days overdue, and when we scrutinized the faces of our porters, we discovered that *four* of the original twenty-five had come through.

Whenever my eyes, in wandering around my room, rest upon my boxes, the history of their transit repeats itself in my mind. "After all," I say to myself, "it's just as well that we can't take any luggage with us into the next world, if we are to depend on African porters 'to see it through.'"

P. ROGAN, Ojola Mission,  
Kisumu, B. E. A.

## Thoughts From Modern Martyrs

EDITED BY

REV. JAMES A. WALSH, M. Ap.

An attractive little flexible covered volume of 120 pages, with illustrations of the three martyrs, whose thoughts are therein collected, Théophane Vénard, Just de Bretenières and Henri Dorie.

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A FORMER number of THE FIELD AFAR has brought back from China Fr. Kennelly's answer to our query, "Are they Jesuits?" He writes:

The only Jesuits in the group are the two foreigners, Fr. de Michaelis and Fr. Savio. All the others are native secular priests, trained in the Bishop's seminary and depending on him for their work and support. The Shanghai mission numbers 152 Jesuit priests and 50 native seculars.

Fr. Kennelly also sends us news of a Brooklyn priest, Fr. Galvin, who accompanied Fr. Fraser on his return to China last year.

Fr. Galvin, being a new man, suffered much from the climate during the summer, but has since recuperated and taken up the study of Chinese. It is expected that he will soon be a full-fledged missionary, ready to bear the brunt of work on the field.

This Brooklyn priest in China is a welcome correspondent. Fr. Galvin, to whom Fr. Kennelly refers, writes to us directly from Hangchow, where he is just now devoting all his time to a struggle with the Chinese language:

I am delighted to hear that you are getting on so well with the Foreign Mission Seminary. I think that, for the short time you have been at work, you have done wonders. I am glad to see your burses growing, but sorry that poor St. Patrick should be so neglected.

It will interest your readers to know that we have in our province a community of Chinese nuns, who are laboring with all their might for the conversion of their country. They are called the "Virgins of Purgatory." Their work consists in saving and caring for

children abandoned by pagan parents, in teaching and providing for destitute boys and girls, and in instructing women converts in the elements of religion. They are a great aid to the missionary and do an incalculable amount of good.

The life of the Sisters is a hard one. They have few friends and these few are so poor that they can give them no assistance. Moreover, since they do not know any language but their native Chinese, they have no means of seeking help from Europe or America. I am sending you a photograph, so that your readers, becoming acquainted with them, may remember them always in their prayers and sometimes in their charity.

\* \*

**L**EGAL advice from China,—this is our latest. And it comes from a man whose business ability is widely recognized. He writes from Hongkong:

I hope that your difficulty regarding the purchase of a property will soon be overcome. The second buyer, however rich he may be, is just as dishonest as the seller and deserves to be exposed,—unless he attempted to buy in good faith.

Do not forget that you have a right to damages,—that the seller is bound to compensate you. A purchase is effected when the contract of promissory sale is signed and bargain-money paid.

It is useless to be too good with bad people, and sometimes the best way to teach justice to an unjust man is to make him feel the bitter consequences of his wrong-doing.

In the Far East I have never seen a man try to sell his property twice, though I admit that the standard of morality is not exceedingly high.

Yours sincerely, —.

\* \*

"Is there a foreign land for those whose home is only in Heaven?"—*Henry Dorie.*

### A Trappist in Pekin.

**O**NE of our correspondents in Eastern Asia, Fr. Brun, a Paris Seminary alumnus, has become a Trappist in Pekin, China.

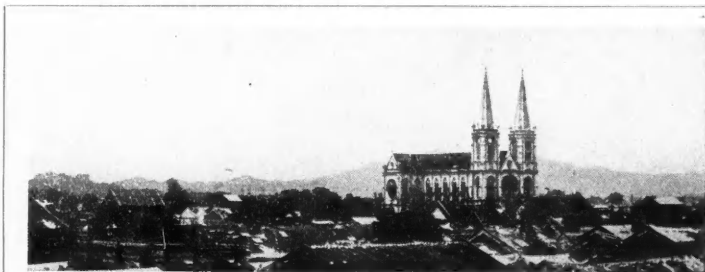
It seems that for many years this priest has had aspirations to the more perfect life.

"As a missionary," writes his Superior, "he was a very devoted man, and he will make an excellent monk."

Fr. Brun was born in 1876 and departed from Paris in 1900.

## CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

*This interesting report of the Church in China was received from Bishop Mèrel of Canton.*



THE CATHEDRAL IN CANTON, CHINA.

Total Population of China .....	466,850,000
Bishops .....	50
Religious Congregations—	
Lazarists, Jesuits, Foreign Missions of Milan, Foreign Missions of Paris, Foreign Missions of Scheut (Brussels), Franciscans, Foreign Missions of Rome, Foreign Missions of Steyl (Holland), Foreign Missions of Parma (Italy), Augustinians, Dominicans, Cistercians .....	12
Priests (Europeans and a few Americans) .....	1,439
Priests (native) .....	722
Seminarians—in Philosophy and Theology .....	416
Native Students—in preparatory schools .....	1,463
NUMBER OF CATHOLICS .....	1,434,910
Number of churches and chapels .....	7,232

### Protestant missions, according to the same report, count:

Societies .....	93
Missionaries (European and American) .....	2,094
Missionaries (native) .....	502
Stations .....	4,288
Number of baptized converts .....	195,905

**O**CCASIONALLY we are asked if there is any place in the Catholic foreign mission field for lay service, *e. g.* for a physician, man or woman, or for a nurse.

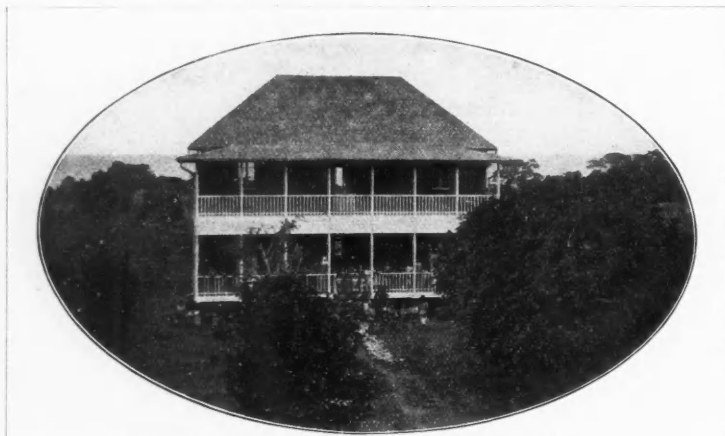
We submit this question to our missionaries.

**F**R. THOMAS GAVAN-DUFFY, a regular correspondent from India, has been assigned as Professor of Moral Theology at Pondichery, in the native Seminary. He is supplying a temporary vacancy, and hopes to get back to his flock

soon. He admits, however, that there are compensations in returning for a breath of Seminary air, after the spiritual closeness of a completely pagan *milieu*, especially when one is morally sure that he 'has not here an abiding city.'

Fr. Duffy writes that he is confronted with the necessity of building a house for boys destined to the priesthood, and he has taken upon himself the task of raising two thousand dollars. This is a new experience for our literary friend, and we wish we could help him out.

## An Ordination Ceremony in Oceania.



ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, YULE ISLAND, OCEANIA.  
(Photo sent by Sister Sebastian.)

AUSTRALIA is awakening to the foreign mission call. Two of her sons, Fr. McCarthy and Fr. Bailey, have just been ordained in Yule Island, Papua, and will devote their lives to missionary work in this half-savage land.

The ordination ceremony is described for us by one of the Island missionaries, Fr. Denis Elliott. It

was held in the humble mission 'cathedral' and was witnessed by hundreds of natives, who showed a reverence that augurs well for the strength of their faith.

The following verses were written by Fr. McCarthy's mother for his first Mass. They express the tender joy of an Irish mother, at having reared a son for God's altar:



THE ORDINATION OF FR. MCCARTHY AND FR. BAILEY.  
(Photo sent by Fr. Denis Elliott.)

TO MY DARLING SON IN PAPUA  
FOR HIS FIRST MASS.

The joy is come, my darling,  
That I wished for through the years,  
And my heart is full of blessing,  
But my eyes are full of tears;  
The joy is come, my darling,  
But I am far away,  
Your mother will not see her boy  
Upon his first Mass day.

Sweet days of all my longing—  
But why should I complain?  
I'd bear, to have my boy a priest,  
A thousand years of pain.  
But, oh! to see you with the cup,  
In vestments gold and white,—  
Dear Lord, this would be heaven  
To a poor mother's sight.

To watch you at the altar  
And hear you read the book,  
And when you turned around to pray,  
Observe your holy look.  
But, oh! my child, to bow with you  
At that most solemn hour  
When our dear Christ is present  
Unto your words of power.

Some say I would not know you now,  
You are so changed, ashore,  
But I would know you, darling,  
If an angel's wings you wore.  
Little they feel a mother's love  
Who doubt when face to face  
That twelve long years of waiting  
Can live in one embrace.

The morn is come, my darling,  
And I'm kneeling where you knew  
The little shrine of Mary  
Used to smile on me and you.  
I will place the flowers and candles  
For the Mass that might have been,  
But my eyes, my dear, can't find their  
rest—  
My joy is all unseen.

I'll make my heart your altar  
And my breast a house of prayer,  
And Jesus at your holy word  
Will tabernacle there.  
I'll wait for you at morn,  
And I'll pray with you till noon,  
And every night I'll dream that you  
Will come to mother soon.

From your affectionate Mother.

✦ ✦

Any burse or share in a burse may be  
donated, if desired, in memory of the de-  
ceased.



## The Turning Point.

BY JOHN WAKEFIELD.



JOHNNIE WILLIAMS 'hated' geography. There were too many capitals and chief cities, rivers and mountains, populations and products. It was 'orfully dry stuff.'

Yet he liked travel, as all boys do. In fact, he got so worked up over *one* travel-story that after reading it, he and his chum, illy Ryan, started out to tour the world. They were brought back, however, that same night—by a big man with a shiny badge—and they were glad to get something to eat and to go to bed.

But geography was no book of travel—any more than the picture of a ball-game up on a fence was the real game.

Johnnie went to St. Agnes' Parochial School and his teacher was Sister Benedicta. She was 'fine,' Johnnie thought, but with all her art and a generous store of patience, she could not get the boy, who seemed to be fond of his other studies, interested in geography. "And little wonder!" the good nun said to herself occasionally, "that text-book is a bundle of bones, and boys like something living."

But one day there was a loud rap at the class-room door and in came Fr. Wallace, the pastor, accompanied by a man dressed in a black tail-coat. The stranger had the longest whiskers Johnnie 'ever saw in his life,' and more than one boy in the room confessed afterwards that if he had seen him in the street, without Fr. Wallace, of course, and there had been any soft snow around, those whiskers would have had a sprinkle of white. Johnnie's eyes sparkled at the very thought of the 'shot'—for the irreverence of American youth had not escaped him.

But the stranger was no itinerant Russian pedlar. Neither was he one of those solemn-faced Rabbis such as Johnnie met down on the 'avenue,'—a narrow street lined with tip-carts, frowzy women and babies,—through which he walked every day with a chip on his shoulder, looking for trouble.

Fr. Wallace dispelled all doubts by his announcement: "Boys, I am bringing you to-day the Very Rev. Fr. O'Gorman, who has charge of a great society of missionary priests and Brothers, and has been all over the world many times. He is going to conduct the class in geography this afternoon."

Johnnie forgot the whiskers on the moment. One day he had read for a visiting priest, and Sister Benedicta had told him afterwards that he had made a 'big hit'—though she did not say it in just that way. And now he was going to make a 'mushy cake' of himself, and before Fr. Wallace too. He knew the pastor's searching eyes would 'light on him' and he would be 'called.'

And sure enough he was! "Come, Johnnie," said Fr. Wallace, "take the pointer and show us on that map of the world how much of it you have seen."

The boy went quickly to the map, picked up the long pointer, set it down at Philadelphia and made a sweeping, circular movement with the handle, leaving the end fixed at the City of Brotherly Love.

Little Sister Benedicta blushed deeply, the class was convulsed, and the visitor was evidently amused. Fr. Wallace, who tried to frown and smile at the same time, soon recovered from his surprise, told Johnnie to keep his eyes and ears open, and taking the pointer from him, passed it to the missionary.

Johnnie had well expressed himself by that double movement. He had never seen beyond the outskirts of Philadelphia, but he had aspirations to circle the globe, even if he did hate the old map.

The missionary looked kindly at the boy as, half-ashamed, he sank into his seat. Then he opened the class by indicating his own home city in England, where he had, some thirty years before, been studying geography just as they were doing now.

He told them of his training here and in other English cities, of his Seminary course in Belgium, his departure for India and his transfer to Borneo. After that followed the story of his appointment to supervise all the missions of his Society, his visit to the Holy Father and finally his travels around the world,—by railway, tram and steamer—on foot and on horseback or 'donkeyback'—in ox-carts, in Chinese junks, in canoes and in dug-outs.

Johnnie listened, all ears and eyes. The bones began to take flesh. The map became like the great Earth to him—only the earth seemed smaller than he had thought it was. He pictured to himself the visitor's friends—Bishops, priests, Brothers, nuns all over the world—and they grew into his heart at once, so that afterward he found he could recall most of them. He was sorry when that geography lesson was over, and the missionary, after giving his blessing, left with Fr. Wallace.

He found himself, however, with two consolations. He had opened the door for the priests, and the stranger, as he passed out, had patted him on the head and said with a smile, "My little man, some day the small end of that pointer will describe for you what you made the large end describe to-day. You too will encircle the world. Be a good boy and say your prayers. We may meet again."

This was one consolation. The other was that Johnnie learned to look upon the once-hated map as the home of his friends in all parts of the earth. Whenever a strange name came up, he located it by its nearness to Fr. A. or to Sr. B., or to that place where the missionary had been travelling in a dug-out.

Geography was no longer the 'dry stuff' that it had been. It was *alive*—and as interesting 'as any travel-story going.'

That geography lesson was the *turning-point* in the life of John Williams. It awakened in him a desire not only to see the other side of the globe, but to bring to its darkness the light of Faith. At the age of nineteen he applied and was admitted to the Foreign Mission Seminary, and six years later he started for the Far East—across the Atlantic to Europe and thence over Russia and Siberia by the Trans-Siberian Railway. He spent ten years in the mission field and was then recalled to take a responsible position in the Seminary.

As the long voyage across the Pacific Ocean was drawing to an end and the great steamer approached the Golden Gate, Fr. Williams recalled the words of the stranger who had taught the geography class so many years ago. He had never met the missionary since, but he had now fulfilled his prophecy, "Some day you too will encircle the world." And he wondered, a few hours later, when the train headed for the East, who was in Sister Benedicta's place and whether, when he reached Philadelphia, he would find at St. Agnes' the old pointer that had started him on his travels around the world.

(Maryknoll, February, 1913.)

\* \*

A burse given in memory of the deceased, will enable us to train a valiant soul for the missions, a priest who will take upon himself the obligation of remembering always his benefactor.

Fifty dollars will make you or your departed relative a sharer in the burse which we are forming in honor of our blessed little martyr, Théophile Vénard.

\* \*

A COLD north-west wind was whistling around Maryknoll when the following letter arrived

from Fr. Allard, who is now back in Burma. Extremes met, as will be noted by our readers.

Fr. Allard polished his English and picked up a type-writing machine while in America. We give the result to our readers:

"I presume before starting that my letter will be full of mistakes of all kinds. If otherwise, it will be quite extraordinary. I write it from the back part of a hut converted into a shop. Light is somewhat wanted, but heat is plentiful. Cleanliness would almost amount to a sin in this place.

Can you see me, in imagination, sitting in an almost completely dark place, a sort of purgatory by the heat, perspiration falling on my typewriter, etc., etc.? Every two or three minutes I stop to try to recover for a while from the intense heat and continue my letter. All around me the Chinese Christians and pagans hasten to finish work in order to listen to the preaching. I take the Christians and the catechists, the catechumens and the pagans. Then in company of mosquitoes, we preach till nearly 10 P. M., at which time the night prayers are recited and every one goes to sleep, if sleep can be.

Ah, dear Father, what an immense harvest of souls is ripe here! The Burma Chinese are very much *advanced* and they are going to close all their temples. "We no more worship idols," they say. But if the Gospel is not announced wherever Chinese are to be found in the country, they will worship nothing and become atheists. *Ah plût à Dieu que je sois millionnaire pour pouvoir entreprendre cette grande œuvre de salut tandis qu'il est encore temps!*\*

\*Would to God that I were a millionaire to be able to undertake this great work of salvation while there is yet time!

I am almost all the time in the jungle, and the more places I visit the more I realize the huge task I have before me. What are my plans? To fill the most urgent needs in the most threatened places, to engage catechists, as many as possible, and then extend the work according to the means allotted to me, for I cannot think of going into debts. Who would answer for them?

I have made all the human efforts possible. I can do no more, but must leave the rest to God. The opening of the central mission is a great concern to me. The Government asks over \$30,000 for land in the city and does not even at that rate seem to be willing to sell at all.

Shall I describe for you the reception the Christians made to me? Many had tears in their eyes, so happy they were to see their father back.

NEW EDITION - - LOWER PRICE

The Life of

Father Judge, S. J.

(An American Missionary in Alaska)

Through the story of travel and adventures among the miners of Alaska runs the thread of a noble apostolic life that will appeal to all who read it,—to none more certainly and with better effect than to boys.

293 Pages, 16 Illustrations, Bound in Buckram

Price, 50 Cents Postage, 12 Cents

As you see, if we need money, we also need prayers, and many fervent ones, so that God may remove the obstacles we find everywhere in our way and grant us the conversion of those poor pagans. I will start the study of the Fo Kien dialect. Veni Sancte Spiritus.

And your great work? I often think of you. When will you send me THE FIELD AFAR, that I may follow the great enterprise for souls. Have you secured a spot? Have you aspirants? Did you start the studies? Have you many aspirants? Where from?

I feel too oppressed by the heat. I finish my letter. Our procurator wishes to get a typewriter like yours and mine. Could we ask you to buy one for him? For the two wheels, he wants to have the same two special wheels I ordered not long ago. We would be most thankful to you if you could order that at your first trip to Boston or by letter, because through you we can get the 25 per cent reduction for missionaries which we obtained ourselves. The machine, well and carefully packed up, must be sent to Liverpool to the Bibby Line office, to be shipped to Burma by the first Bibby steamer at the address: Rev. J. Mamy, Clergy House, Rangoon. At the same time a note should be sent to the Bibby agents informing them that the parcel has been sent to them to be forwarded to Rangoon.

You would oblige us very much by kindly rendering us that service. Are not such services like the start of a "procure des commissions" like ours at rue du Bac?

I do not know what I am writing. God surely wants me to make my purgatory in the zinc-roofed huts of Burma.

Great many kind regards to every one at Maryknoll!

G. ALLARD.

\* \*

Notice our special rates for several subscriptions to the same address.

A T M A R Y K N O L L .



*St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church, pray for us;  
St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, pray for us.*

A T morning and evening prayers we follow the custom existing in Seminaries and religious houses, of invoking our patron saints.

These include, with several others, St. Joseph, the Provider, and St. Patrick, through whose apostolic efforts so many, living to-day in this country, have received the gift of faith.

We are positively ashamed to say that we are without a sizable statue of either saint. We had one of St. Joseph, but we parted with it—for the good of the Cause. Perhaps some day we may tell our readers what happened to it. But meanwhile we cannot enjoy it, any more than the statue of St. Patrick that we never had.

For St. Joseph we have a special prayer, which our missionaries will be glad to note, since it is all for their interest, and which will appeal also to some of our devout readers. We intend to print it on small cards for distribution and will publish it in a later issue.

Doctors, with the exception of a few 'Divines,' have kept away from Maryknoll until recently. Even now, however, nothing serious has happened to any of our flock. The second visit of one physician—who became friendly through reading about us in *The Providence Visitor*—brought us a first-class microscope. His gift has

been installed in the laboratory,—the professor's living-room at present.

The passing illness of one of our priests, necessitating, as it did, his absence for the purpose of an operation, revealed one of the Devil's hiding-places.

This priest, who habitually occupied a large desk on one side of the office, left for the Metropolis rather unexpectedly. A few minutes later there was a stir just above the vacant chair and—the place was buried in plaster.

If the Devil enjoyed his excursion as little as did his intended victim, he had a sorry time. However, the two are now back, and a wooden ceiling protects the priest.

We have the pleasure, in this issue, of introducing to our readers a new character on the Maryknoll stage. Angelo has a hobby for outdoor performances. Just now he is lopping off branches from our innumerable apple trees, but he can turn his hand to about anything—even without injury to the object attacked.

Angelo, he '*lika da place*' so far, '*becows he lika to work.*' Incidentally he '*lika da money, becows some day he might go backa to Napoli,*'—which means a village some eighteen miles east of Naples.

We haven't many on a steady pay-roll up here, but if Angelo lives up to his name we may keep him till the boat leaves,—and later if he misses it.

Does he go to Mass? '*Ah, da Missa!*' He's '*Catolik, lika da Pope,*' and he always went to church—in Napoli. We are trying to mend one of Angelo's wings.

He has a good face—when he smiles—and we hope to keep him smiling.

OUR monthly bread-bill averages about sixty-six cents apiece for each of twenty-five persons. This means something

like twenty dollars every four weeks. "*Give us this day.*"

THE furnishing of a room at Maryknoll requires fifty dollars and the benefactor may choose his own title.

In each of our three houses there are yet a few rooms to be taken. Those already taken have been recorded under the following titles:

Sacred Heart  
Maria Immaculata  
Our Lady of Lourdes (Memorial, J. F.)  
St. Joseph  
St. Paul  
St. John the Evangelist  
St. John the Baptist  
St. Patrick  
St. Francis Xavier  
Bl. Théophane Vénard  
The Cenacle  
St. Mary Magdalene  
St. Cecilia  
St. Agnes

As we have more than one house, there is yet an opportunity to repeat any of the above.

THERE is nothing like a small company for the distribution of offices, important and otherwise. Here at Maryknoll we have six students and three Auxiliary Brothers, who divide responsibilities among themselves as follows:—

Assistant Prefect of Manual Labor  
Care of the Chapel (a Theologian)  
Care of Bath-rooms and Regulator of Baths (also a Theologian)  
Supt. of Lamps (a Philosopher)  
Water Supt.; Storekeeper  
Fire Department (whisper it!)  
Infirmarian  
Carpenter 'Gang'  
Painters' 'Squad,' including the white-washer, a dark-complexioned Philosopher.  
*Upkeep* (the endless task of a Philosopher)  
Head-Gardener (an auxiliary Supt. of Printing)  
Courier, manager of telephone and sundry services requiring agility (an Auxiliary from New York)  
Librarian  
Head-Waiter; Manager of the Barber Shop  
Forester; Road Supervisor, etc., etc.

## Notes and Comment.

A NEW YORK friend much interested in our work is Mr. Lawrence Woo. Mr. Woo is a Chinese catechist, working under the direction of Fr. Jordan among the Chinese of New York. His wife is with him and they have two bright little daughters, whom our readers will be pleased to see in this picture with their parents.

\* \*

MANY of our Catholic weeklies give generous space to the foreign missions. We were especially pleased to notice recently in the *Church Progress* of St. Louis, an editorial appeal for Bishop Biernans of Uganda, for whom the *Progress* is gathering a fund. The mission of Bishop Biernans is a particularly worthy one and most needy.

\* \*

FOR some years past the students in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, have been encouraged to correspond with foreign mission students in Paris and Mill Hill. In a recent letter one of the Brighton men says:

Your kind suggestion of correspondence with the students at Mill Hill has resulted in the supply of inspirations to help the apostolate. The letters I receive are a spiritual tonic to me. I thank God for having given me such a consolation and encouragement.

\* \*

FR. PRICE has in the past few months spoken in several Seminaries, reaching as far West as St. Paul.

Along his line of travel he has been most kindly received and has found many evidences of interest in the new Seminary on the part of bishops and priests.

He has also made known the character of our work in various parts of Pennsylvania and has won, especially throughout the diocese of Scranton, a cordial welcome for THE FIELD AFAR.

NEWS from Cuét is always interesting, for this little French village is the birthplace of Blessed Pierre Chanel, the first martyr of Oceania. In a recent letter the parish *curé*, whom we met some years ago, speaks again of the plan nearest to his heart,—that of building a church large enough to accommodate the pilgrims who come to venerate the martyr's remains.

We told our readers of this project a few months ago and now we appeal to them once more, for a passing thought—or a stray penny—in honor of this martyr of our own days.

\* \*

A RECENT letter from the *Curé* of St. Loup, the birthplace of Blessed Théophane Vénard, informs us that the martyr's brother, Father Eusebius (now Canon), is still living but very weak. Our correspondent writes:

His health is absolutely gone. He is incapable of thinking and he cannot leave his bed. He has been here at St. Loup very nearly a year now.

We don't know how much longer he will last. Many times we thought he

was actually dead. He has great need of prayers and I know you will not forget him. Have others pray for him also.

Sincerely yours,

A. Bartard,  
*Curé* of St. Loup,  
France.

(Deux Sevres).

\* \*

WE have not a few friends among the Knights of Columbus, and there is at least one in our community at Maryknoll. We have also among our incorporators the Hon. Victor J. Dowling, a familiar and honored name in K. of C. circles; but the Council at Greenfield, Mass., stands solitary on our list of K. of C. benefactions.

The omission is doubtless due to lack of initiative on our part, as the Knights of Columbus are not lacking in charity.

The Council at Greenfield, at the request of its Spiritual Director, sends us yearly a subscription of five dollars.

\* \*

We have a new lot of Blessed Théophane Vénard Statues. The price is three dollars, in bronze or old ivory finish.



MR. LAWRENCE WOO, CATHOLIC CATECHIST IN NEW YORK, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



# CO-OPERATION.

**A**SODALITY interested in our work has set aside one meeting in the year as Field Afar meeting. On this occasion an instruction or exhortation is given on the subject of foreign missions and subscriptions to The Field Afar are received.

\* \*

**W**HEN we had none except soiled vestments we did not notice it so much, but now, when at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament we use a stole that is truly white and have to cover it with a cope that long since lost its stainlessness, we feel that we must publish this particular need.

\* \*

**A** CONFECTIONERY box arrived recently, filled, not with bon-bons,—which are seldom seen here,—but something better,—used gold and silver, with a few jewels added. There were strainers, broken cuff-links, paper-cutter handles and a score of other antiquated gifts that might have lain idle for the next century had some one not been thoughtful.

\* \*

**A**N energetic young lady in a Boston parish has sent us a practical and thoughtful evidence of interest.

A whist given for the sole purpose of making known THE FIELD AFAR, added seventy new names to our list, and gave us a comprehensive order for literature which we have heard is to be the basis of a mission library.

God bless her and all who participated in the work!

\* \*

**M**ANY and varied are the manifestations of interest in the 'apostolate.' A letter came the other day enclosing a check for thirty dollars to be apportioned as follows:

*One third for Maryknoll land;*

*Two dollars for F. A. Subscriptions;*

*Eight dollars for Masses, according to the donor's intentions, which included:*

*"Two Masses for the soul of the priest most abandoned in Purgatory and two for the priest nearest Heaven. Ten—that God may bless all our missionaries, render their labors fruitful, and gain young souls to the apostolate, particularly here in my own little parish."*

\* \*

**T**O the New York Diocesan Office, S.P.F., we are indebted for the transmission of an offering of Fifty Dollars for a *Life Associate Membership* in our work.

'All things co-operate unto good' and we appreciate deeply the co-operation which Monsignor Dunn of New York has given us from the beginning. May he be spared for many years to keep up his splendid efforts for the propagation of our holy faith!

And following this gift comes another from an employee in a well-known hotel of the Metropolis, who sends her third offering of ten dollars towards a full *Life Associate Membership*.

This benefactor adds: *Also find a list of names to whom you will do well to send appeals.*

It is this kind of spirit—the inspiration of Divine Providence—that makes some business men whom we know, wonder how we can manage to keep ourselves and two communities afloat. *We don't.*

\* \*

**R**EADERS are pleased to note the goodness of others towards our work, even when they themselves are not in a position to give us material aid. We take pleasure in recording what follows:

Through *A Marist Father* we have received the generous gift of one hundred dollars.

Some loyal young misses at the Sacred Heart Academy, Elmhurst, R. I., added fifty dollars to our receipt column.

A New England priest sent a similar amount,—the gatherings of some school children whose prayers and alms he had asked for the new Seminary.

A Notre Dame Academy in New England forwarded seventy-five dollars,—the proceeds of a bazaar.

**FIFTY DOLLARS** will secure a share in the Blessed Th. Vénard Burse; or a Life Associate Subscription; or a Memorial Associate Subscription.

The Benedictines of St. Meinrad, Ind., gave proof that they are in full sympathy with the foreign mission movement.

Several parishes have subscribed for a hundred copies of THE FIELD AFAR, to be sold to the children, or to adults, at the rate of five cents a copy.

A mite-box came back to us as fat as one of our hens—not the sick one—with the blessing of an old lady eighty-four years old.

Bishop Colton of Buffalo and Bishop Nilan of Hartford have both remembered us generously in the past month, as has also Monsignor Boulet of the diocese of Seattle, Wash.

A Massachusetts priest managed to find a buyer for an extra set of the Catholic Encyclopedia which had fallen into his hands, and the sale thus effected brought to us a hundred-dollar check.

An Irish lace collar, to which we alluded in a former issue, found its way eventually to a hill-town in Western Massachusetts and is no longer a temptation to the vanity of our Maryknoll Maries.

\* \*

## More of those needs.

**I**T would be easier to list what we don't need than what we do need. We are not at all so badly off as we might be,—certainly not so poor as the average missionary.

A few examples of present needs are:—

- Some pick-axes and shovels;
- Linoleum;
- A Carpet or Rug for the altar-platform at St. Teresa's Lodge;
- A flat table-desk;
- Chiffonniers;
- Sectional office furniture or book-cases;
- Ice-chest;
- Kitchen-cabinet;
- Umbrella-stands;
- Carpet strip for stairs;
- Bed linen;
- Towels and napkins;
- Heavy crash,—cloth, not pottery;
- A statue of St. Joseph;
- An Angelus Bell;
- A few benches for the Chapel;
- An altar-stone;
- An altar;
- Candle-sticks.

## Foundation Building.

A BURSE or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

These students, as priests and apostles, will not fail to remember their benefactors and will, if desired by the latter, keep in correspondence with them.

\* \*

## Completed Burses.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.

\* \*

## Partially Completed Burses.

Towards Providence Diocese Burse	\$1,000.00
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	1,850.00
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,000.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse	282.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	150.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse	302.50
Towards St. Boniface Burse	100.00
Towards Bl. Théophaue Vénard Burse	430.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	157.87
Towards All Souls Burse	551.16
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	155.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	100.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	5.00
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	54.20

\* \*

WILL our readers kindly remember in prayer these souls:

Mother M. Eulalia	Jane Donaher
G. Wubben	Mrs. O'Brien
Owen Moran	Mrs. Savage
Catherine Moran	John Keller
Sr. M. Romana	Margaret Murphy
Ellen Moran	Edward Murphy
Thomas McCarty	Sr. Fidelis Creaven
James J. Howley	James Cummings
Mrs. Meaney	Cath. Cummings
Patrick Welby	John McCabe
Mary McCormack	Henry Farrell
Margaret McCort	William Moore
William J. McCort	Mabel Corr
Bridget Thornton	Mary Barrett
Bridget McNulty	Thomas Drury
Carberry Mullane	John Egan
John O'Neil	John Reardon
Michael Denahey	Nellie Reardon

## Another Burse Taken.

劉海戲蟾



WHOO-LA! GOOD NEWS!

IN our January issue we wrote 'we are now hoping and praying to receive a five thousand dollar offering for a

## A BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE.

With deep gratitude we now announce that the hope has been realized—the prayer granted. DEO GRATIAS! March is St. Joseph's month, as any live Catholic knows, and the first day had not passed when our gift arrived.

We had no special reason to expect it, although we had received from the same source not a few evidences of interest and good will.

Even our largest gifts have come from those who are not reputed wealthy and this was no exception.

We do not feel free to make known the name of our benefactor, further than to say that the Burse, given in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, will serve as an 'IN MEMORIAM' for a much-esteemed layman of Boston, who died some years ago, and for his faithful wife, who still survives him.

Later these names will be sculptured on an enduring tablet in the list of our Founders.

## The Continued List.

## Gifts of One Dollar

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(Other benefactions will be acknowledged later.)

**H**ERE, too, we continue our list of promises of Masses for the coming year, to be offered for us and our benefactors.

**FROM AFRICA—**

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**FROM INDO-CHINA—**

Bp. Cardot, So. Burma; Bp. Grangeon, E. Cochín; Bp. Gendreau, W. Tonkin; Fr. Butard, Burma; Fr. Lambert, Tonkin; Fr. Dupin, Tonkin; Fr. Maye, Burma; Fr. Haloux, Cochín China; Fr. Girard, Malacca; Fr. Seet, Malacca.

**FROM MALESIA—**

Fr. E. Dunn, Borneo; Fr. Keizer, Borneo; Fr. Duxneuer, Br. No. Borneo; Fr. Heyden, Br. No. Borneo; Fr. Quadekker, Borneo; Fr. Amandus, Borneo; Fr. Hopfgartner, Br. No. Borneo.

**FROM OCEANIA—**

Bp. Vidal, Fiji; Bp. Douceré, New Hebrides; Fr. Maxime, Molokai; Fr. Jourda, New Caledonia; Fr. Alencaster, Honolulu; Fr. Chevreuil, Sydney; Fr. Fox, Fiji.

**FROM PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—**

Bp. Harty, Manila; Bp. Dougherty, Jaro; Bp. MacGinley, Nueva Caceres; Bp. O'Doherty, Zamboanga; Fr. Vandewalle, Nueva Segovia; Fr. Killion, Tuguegarao; Fr. Finegan, Manila; Fr. Verbrugge, Iloilo.

**FROM ALASKA—**

Fr. Joseph Perron, Koserefsky.

**FROM PORTO RICO—**

Fr. Povel, Isabela; Fr. Selbach, Yauco.

**FROM UNITED STATES.**

Fr. Westropp, So. Dakota; Fr. Loftus, So. Dakota; Fr. Vrebesch, Montana.

Here are extracts from some of the letters:

I will try my level best to get some subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR. As for a Mass in 1913 to be offered for the welfare of your Society and its benefactors, I may say that it gives me pleasure to sign my name to the attached.

M. SEET, Straits Settlements.

I am delighted with the establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America. I wish you success with all my heart and I am glad to contribute to the welfare of the new Society and its benefactors in the manner that you desire.

G. PLAYOUST, Tanjore Dist., S. India.

You must permit me to offer the Holy Sacrifice more than once a year for your intention, in token of my gratitude for your kindness in sending me THE FIELD AFAR. I shall be glad to say four Masses for your Society and its benefactors.

A. BAUZIN, Dahomey, Africa.

**Mission Publications.**

**T**HERE is A Medical Manual for Missioners prepared by a member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society.—Fr. Desaint of the Mysore, India, Mission.

✱ ✱

**F**R. DE MOIDREY, S.J., the learned director of the observatory of Zi-ka-wei, China, has sent us his Annual Calendar, an invaluable compilation of most interesting data.

✱ ✱

**S**T. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC, from the Society of the Divine word, Techny, Ill., is an interesting publication of some hundred pages. It contains a wide scope of readable matter,—stories, poems, a department for young people and numerous articles of useful information.

✱ ✱

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